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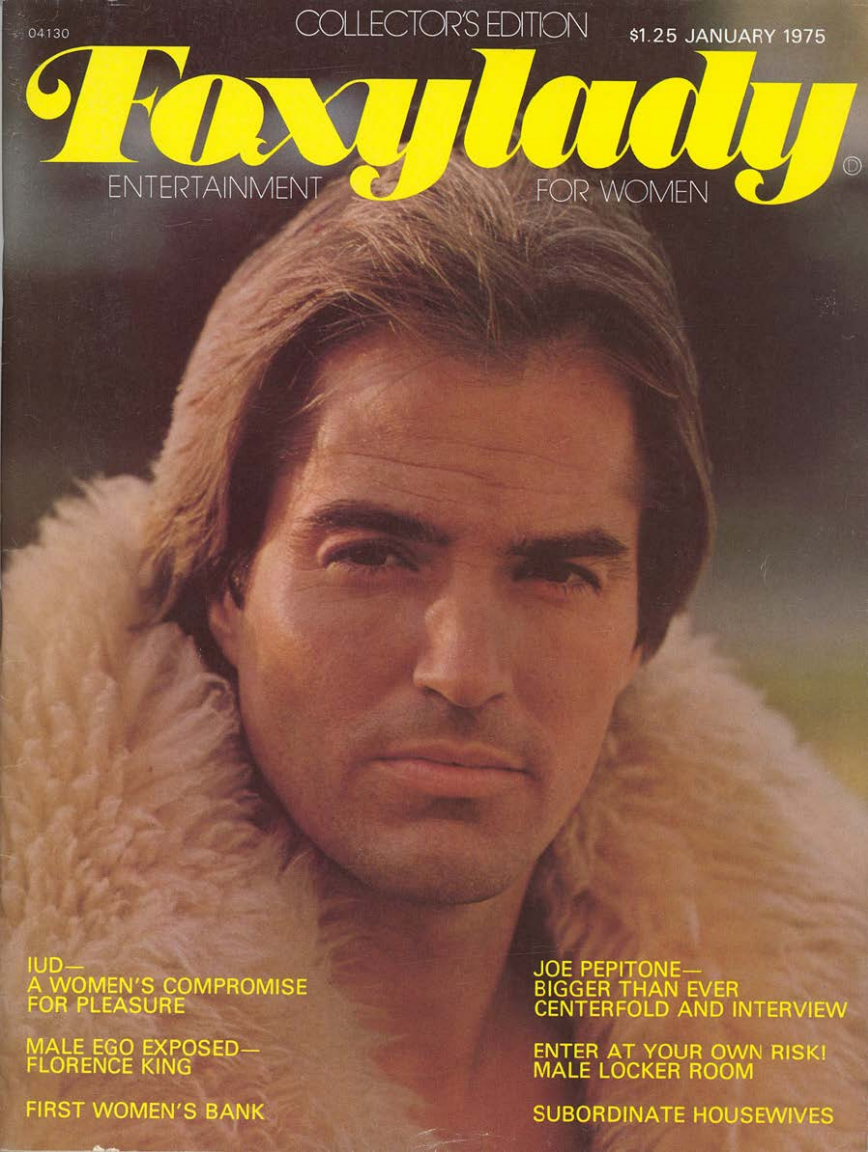
Foxylady

ENTERTAINMENT FOR WOMEN



IUD—
A WOMEN'S COMPROMISE
FOR PLEASURE

MALE EGO EXPOSED—
FLORENCE KING

FIRST WOMEN'S BANK

JOE PEPITONE—
BIGGER THAN EVER
CENTERFOLD AND INTERVIEW

ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK!
MALE LOCKER ROOM

SUBORDINATE HOUSEWIVES

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Foxylady
ENTERTAINMENT FOR WOMEN

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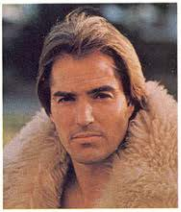


A Foxylady Fantasy

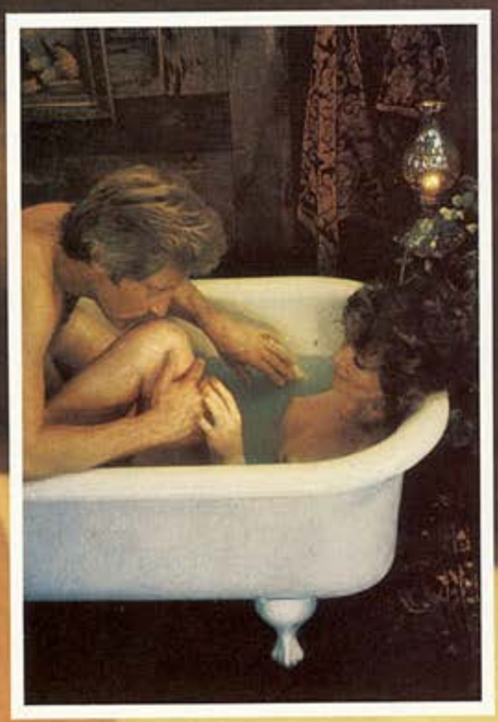
The bath is a playground, a celebration, and also a place to make love. The water alone is remarkable, if you let it play with you a little. It's got life and movement all its own, and it's there—between you and his hand, changing his caress a little. And that's convincing enough to take to the water. What could be better than to share that sensual warmth of water with your man?

Whether you own an exotic Romanesque sunken pool, an old Victorian claw-leg tub, or a gleaming modern bath, the ritual of cleansing can rival the orgies of ancient eras.

Dim the lights, add music, luxuriate in rich oils. . .but when you're bathing with him you've got all the basics in the way of props: his skin and yours.

There are infinite settings and ways to take erotic baths. (Anything and everything about taking a bath, even alone, is erotic.) But they will all fall into one of two categories: your bath with him will be either Pre-Orgasmic or Post-Orgasmic, depending on how you enter and emerge from the tub. And of course, what goes on between. Take both, at different times. One a sumptuous foreplay, the other, a sensual finale. But one thing doesn't change. Whatever your erotic mood with him, it will be at its most transparent in the bath. So highlight it, fashion your bath setting around it, immerse him in it. . .amplify the way you love him that day.

Bathing before you make love is a



narcotic appetizer. Even though you've made love a hundred times before, each beginning is still a beginning. Your pulse points will be speeding away, your skin is anticipating, the sight of him tantalizing. And when you emerge from the tub your skin will be lubricated; every erogenous zone, all zones, charged and your whole body will be turned on.

When you soap him it becomes a tempting massage. The scents in the water and on your skin will turn into aphrodisiacs. Vary your rhythmic soaping of his skin, speed the pace as you reach his erogenous zones. Energize and awaken his entire body to you.

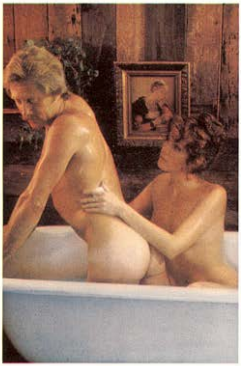
Touch is a statement. The action of soaping a man, and yourself, expands the places and ways you'll touch him. By treating each segment of his body as an erogenous zone, each will become one.

By concentrating on one part of him at a time you'll give him the effect of that part's detachment from the rest of his body. You've got lots of complex areas to cover even in a small section of him.

Find a focal spot, his navel or one nipple or the tip of his coccyx, and move your hands outward from that point, symmetrically, to spread arousal to his whole body. Explore the understructure beneath his skin; you'll be outlining his own body image to him. Learn every contour.

The Pre-Orgasmic bath doesn't have

to stop before orgasm. You've got all, and more, than you need: steam for intensity, oil for lubrication, privacy for your closeness, buoyancy for your rhythms, and you've got *him*, all meshed and entwined into you. If



PHOTOGRAPHY BY KELLY SEBRING

a bed is farther away than around the corner from the tub, I wouldn't take the time to travel.

The Post-Orgasmic bath is taken after you've made love, when you're

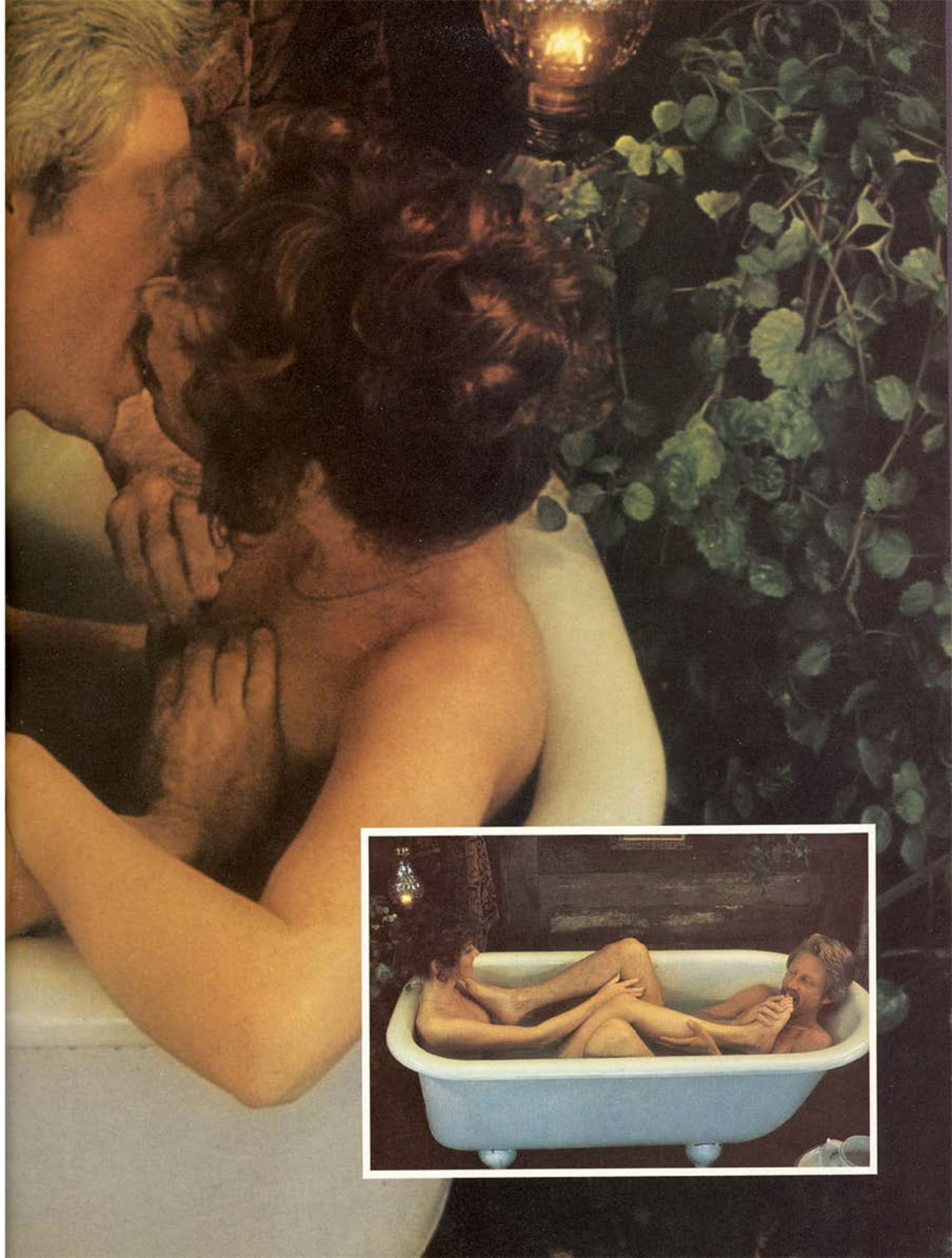
into the bathtub; it won't be hard; you'll both be in something of a mental muddle; limp, on your way to sleep and perfectly content to be covered by warm water.

Step into the tub with him before it fills up. Start out with gently warm water. If you keep it boringly hot the whole time your body will adjust to it, so by the time the tub is full the water will feel tepid or even cool. But by gradually increasing the temperature from warm to hot, the seeping warmth will affect each part of your body as the water rises over it.

Total relaxation doesn't always come immediately after orgasm. Once you're in the tub, undo your muscles. You're uncoiling and unaddling your minds, but somehow in a bath, there's always the possibility of re-addling. The Post-Orgasmic bath is too erotic in its own way to be an ending. Entertain the chance of turning a post-Orgasmic bath into a Pre-Orgasmic bath. It happens.

He's probably somewhere near a state of levitation by now. Soft stroke him. He may begin to touch you. You'll want it soft and slow also. Close your eyes so that all you see, here, smell, and taste becomes centered on the part of your body his hand surrounds. You're receptive only to movement. Your skin learns to listen and watch for every other sense. Let him cover every inch of skin and enter every aperture.

Indulge, and drain the water out.



JOE PEPITONE
Foxylady's man for January

Athlete extraordinaire, world voyager (he could "screw ball" his way around in Japan with a vocabulary that included typical-tourist phrases such as "pushee pushee"), and now author, Joe is of two worlds; an outspoken realist and a wistful dreamer. Here, FOXYLADY brings you Joe Pepitone's Thing—in more ways than one.

FOXY: Just what *is* Joe Pepitone's Thing?

JOE: Ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths percent pure.

FOXY: No, we mean your club.

JOE: Oh, I had this club in Chicago where cocky chicks would come in and request to see Joe Pepitone's Thing. The doorman would direct them to me and I'd tell them, "You're looking at it." Never seemed to satisfy them; they insisted I was lying, so from that point on I'd drop my pants and...

FOXY: We see. Been doing too many jock-itch ads, huh?

JOE: No, but I have done some shows. I get off doing it for myself and an audience. They know there's a ball player up there, they don't know what to expect, and then when you carry it off pretty good, you get your ovulation.

FOXY: Uh, don't you mean ovation?

JOE: So *that's* what that chick meant!

FOXY: What chick?

JOE: Oh, I was gonna ball this chick and she said no, "because it was time for her ovulation"—I said, "If I stand up and applaud for 15 minutes, then could we do it?" And she threw me out!

FOXY: What is your ultimate fantasy?

JOE: My ultimate fantasy is to have Kate Smith sit on my face while singing *"God Bless America."*

FOXY: Are you going to play ball again?

JOE: In Japan, I quit. I realized later I just didn't want any part of it, I just got no excitement out of it anymore. Usually, when you're away from it for a while you want to get back into it. But I've got other things to do. I feel I can do anything as long as I don't hurt anyone.

FOXY: Then please don't sing for us.

JOE: You know, if you're an athlete, you're so dedicated that it's your whole life; it's serious, no laughing or enjoyment. I can't work like that.

FOXY: Apparently you enjoy writing. Tell us about your book.

JOE: The book is me, something a person involved in sports has never written before. It's going to be a hot, hairy book, not really heavy on baseball. Talking with my collaborator brought back many things in my life.

FOXY: Like the day you finally got someone to trade you a Lou Gehrig card for three Babe Ruths and a Willie Mays?

JOE: No, but about things like how my older friend taught me how to jerk off when I was ten and he was twelve. He came and I couldn't.

FOXY: What about some of the baseball stories in the book?

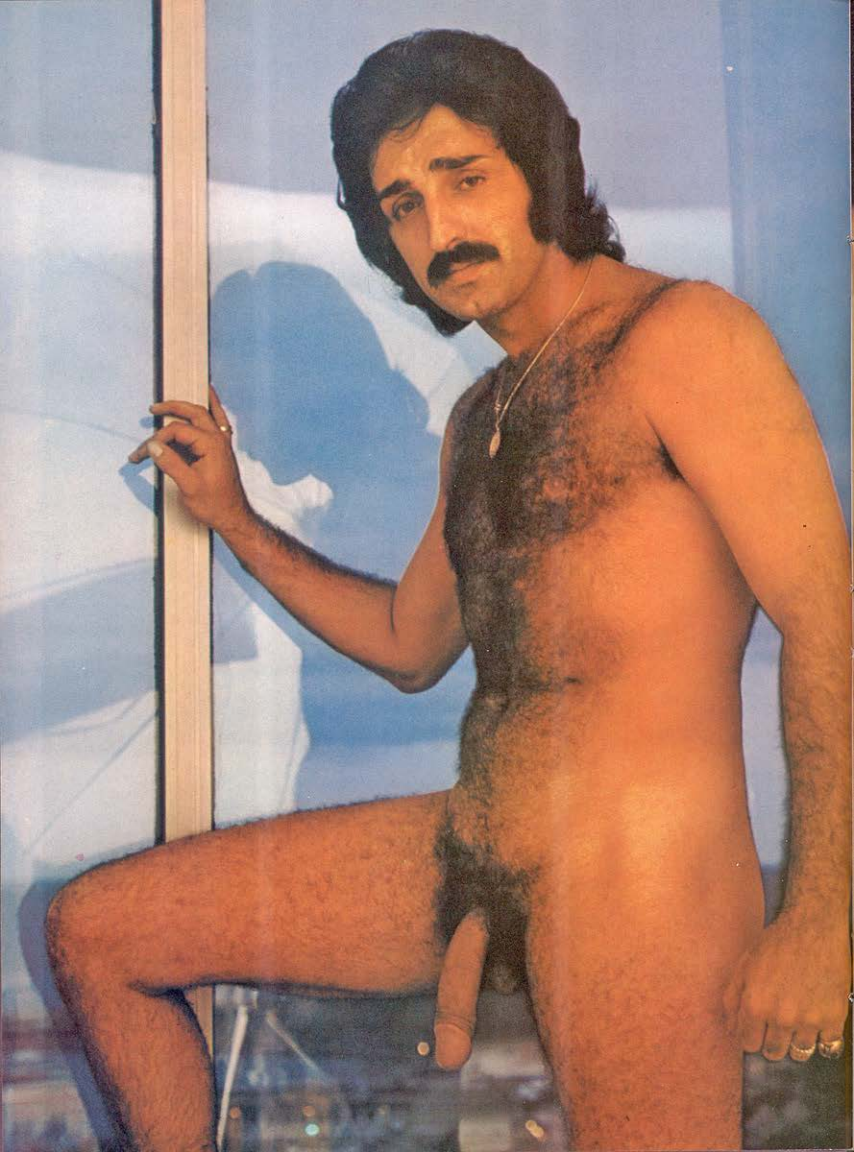
JOE: When I was with the Houston Astros, I was making $50,000. But in baseball you have to room with somebody, so I signed my contract on the condition that I didn't have to, but after the first game they reneged on that. So I quit and went to New York, and I had my hair styled. I was the first to let my hair hang out under the cap. I was even the first one to bring a hair dryer to the ball park.

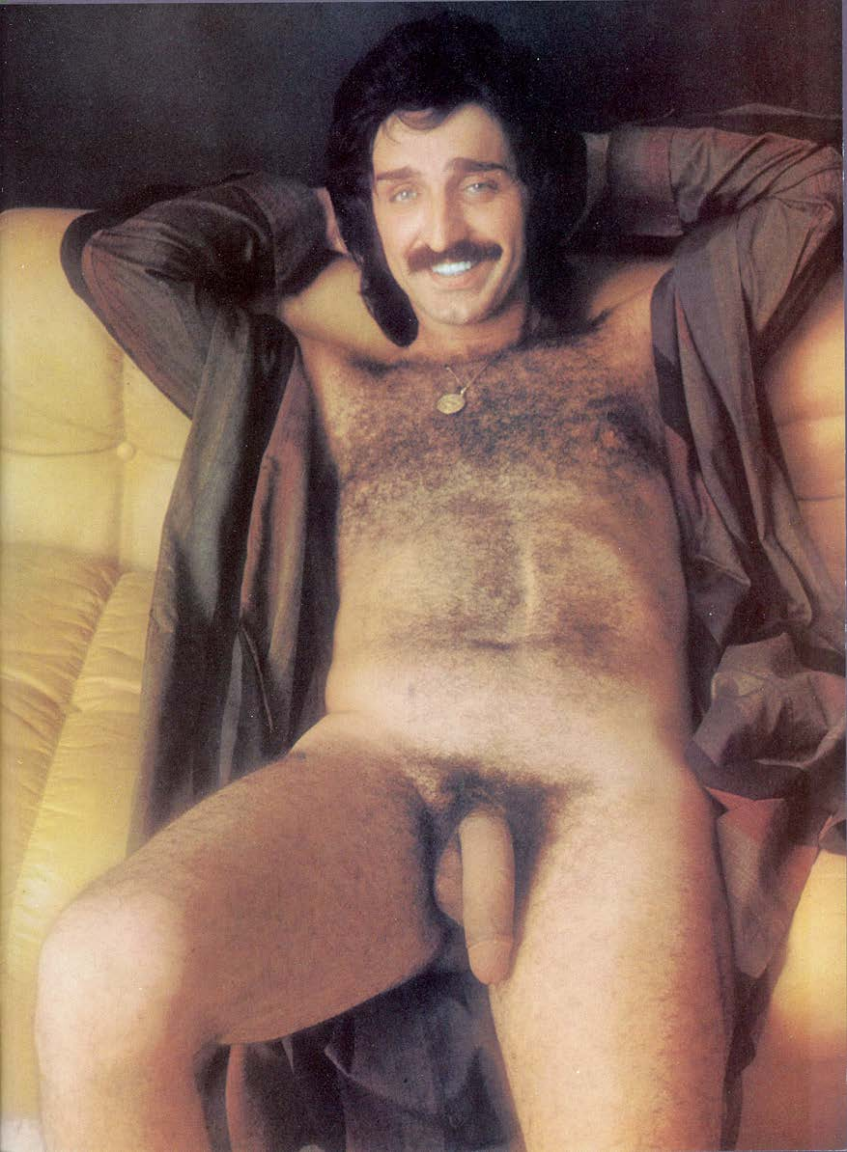
FOXY: Was that so you could get a "pennant wave???"

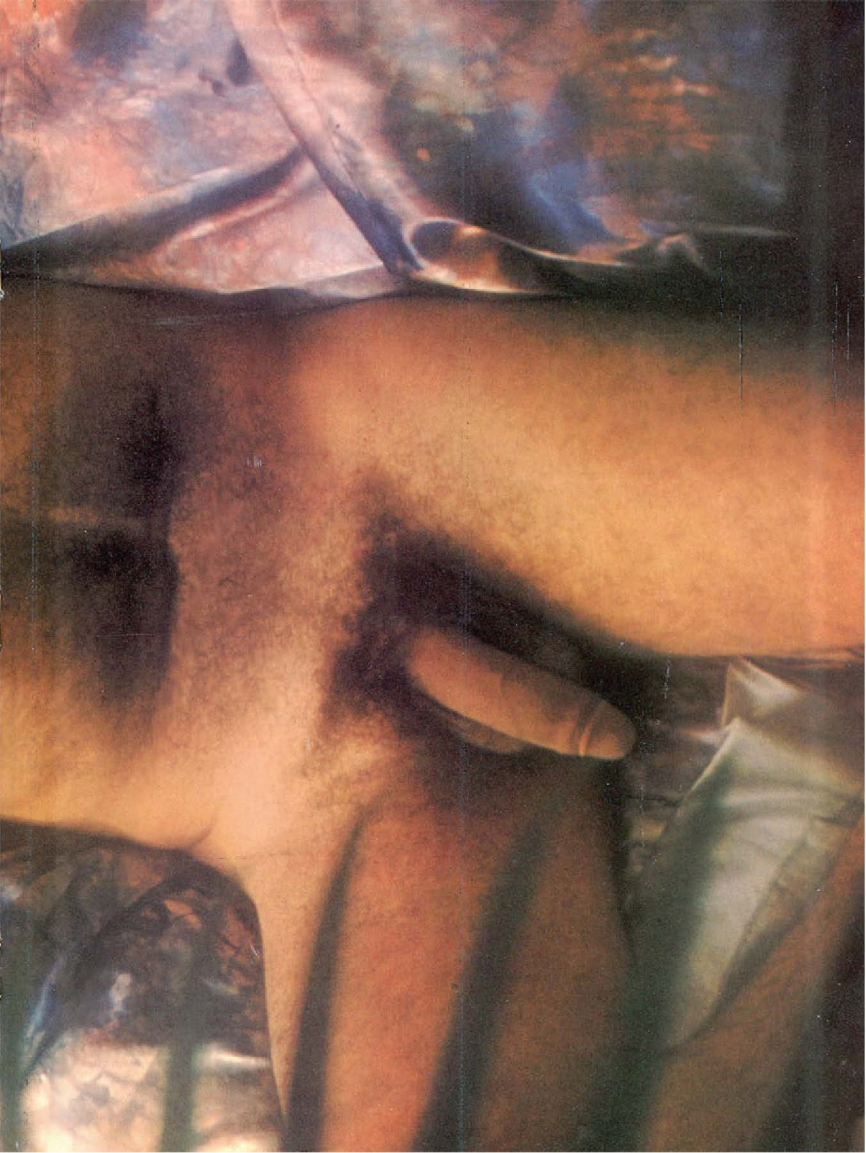
JOE: I think I helped baseball, helped the guys playing today. Years ago they were yes-men. I fought against the system. I got away with that because of my potential, my talent, but the only way to get even is to say, "fuck you" and quit. I say what I feel and I know what has to be done in baseball. I know what my mistakes are. I'm old enough and good enough to do it my way.

FOXY: What do you see in your future?

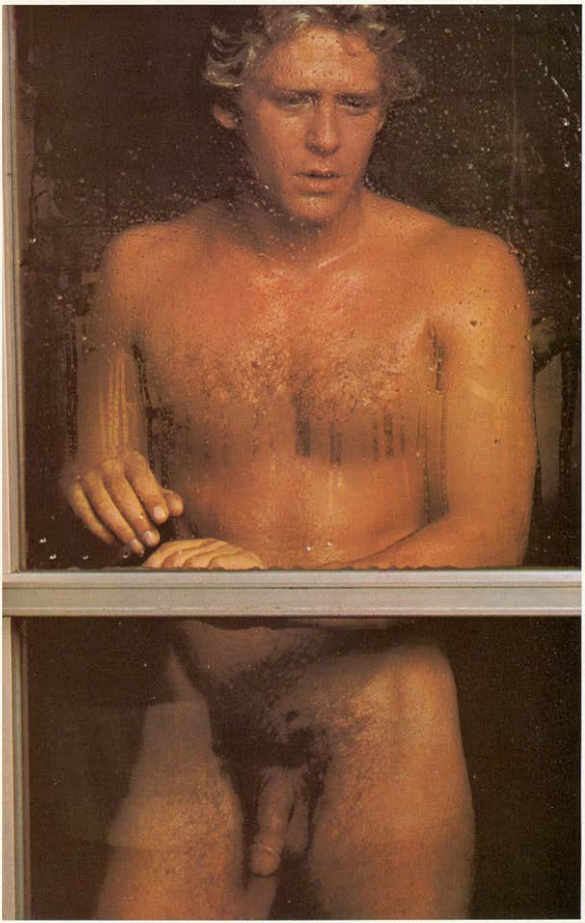
JOE: A reproduction of my penis in the Baseball Hall of Fame.







LOCKER ROOM SENSATION



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This is some body.

This pneumatic wonder, ladies, will take your breath away. It's no wonder Johnny Koehring has spent a lifetime in a sweatsuit—adding those inches and lengthening that endurance for your pleasure. Johnny is a real All-American Jock. . .prototype of the physical dream. Long and lean but not Jack LaLanne. Muscular without being Muscle Beach. Trim and tan without being Tab Hunter. Johnny has some theories about his physical prowess which he attributes to a healthy state of mind (or lots of milk). He just loves sports—"It's 99% perspiration and 1% inspiration." The more strenuous the activity, and the more Johnny sweats, the more he likes it. He especially delights in flipping through pages of vintage *Argosy* magazines while lifting '57 DeSotos with his teeth. (Really the part about the *Argosy*'s isn't true). Johnny spends a great deal of time in the gym, building those biceps, triceps, and deltoids he so admires. But Johnny, what about the *Muscle Of Love?* Surely Alice Cooper isn't the only one interested. Doesn't a keep-it-up count as much as a push-up? Don't you Pole-vault? Don't you score now and then?

Talking with this man becomes a super stud conversation with the macho wit of Howard Cosell, the humility of Muhammed Ali, and the charm of Bobby Riggs, all combined into one little sporty package.

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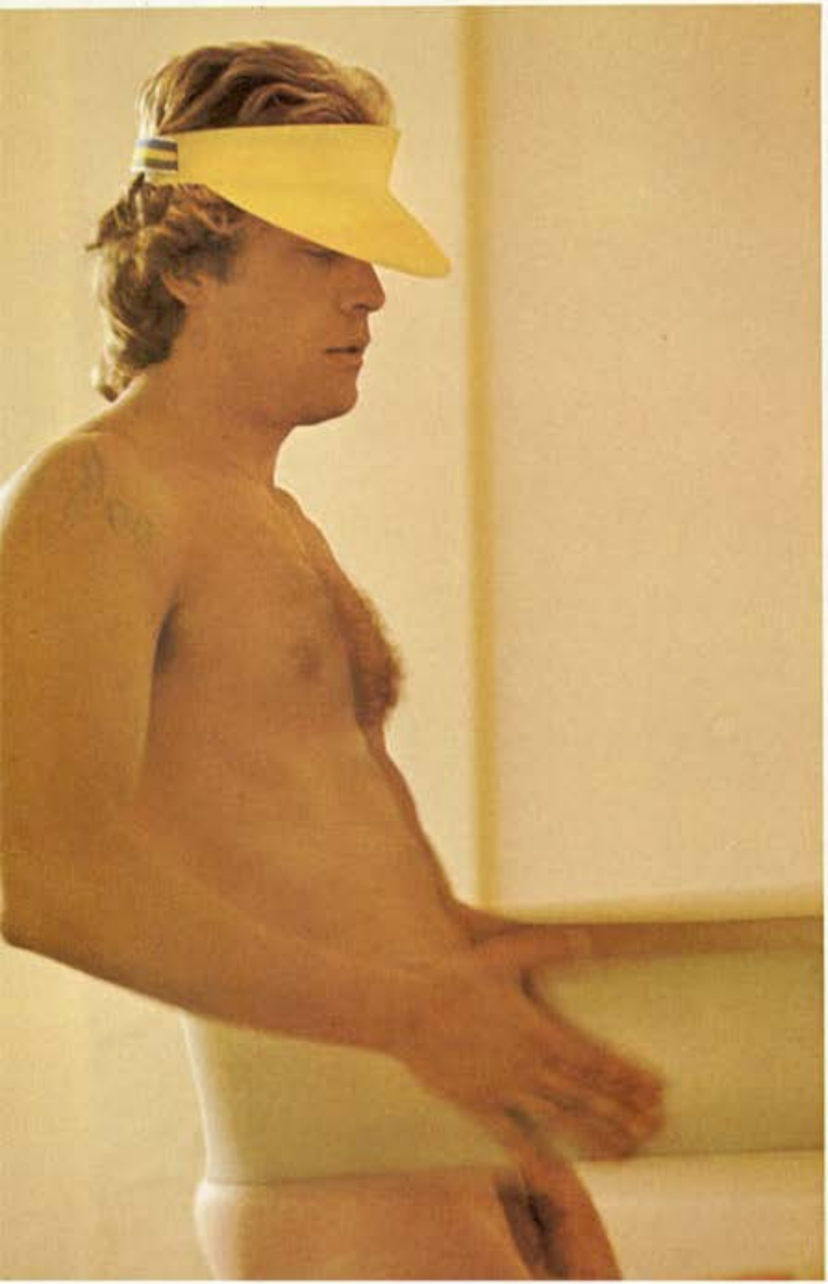
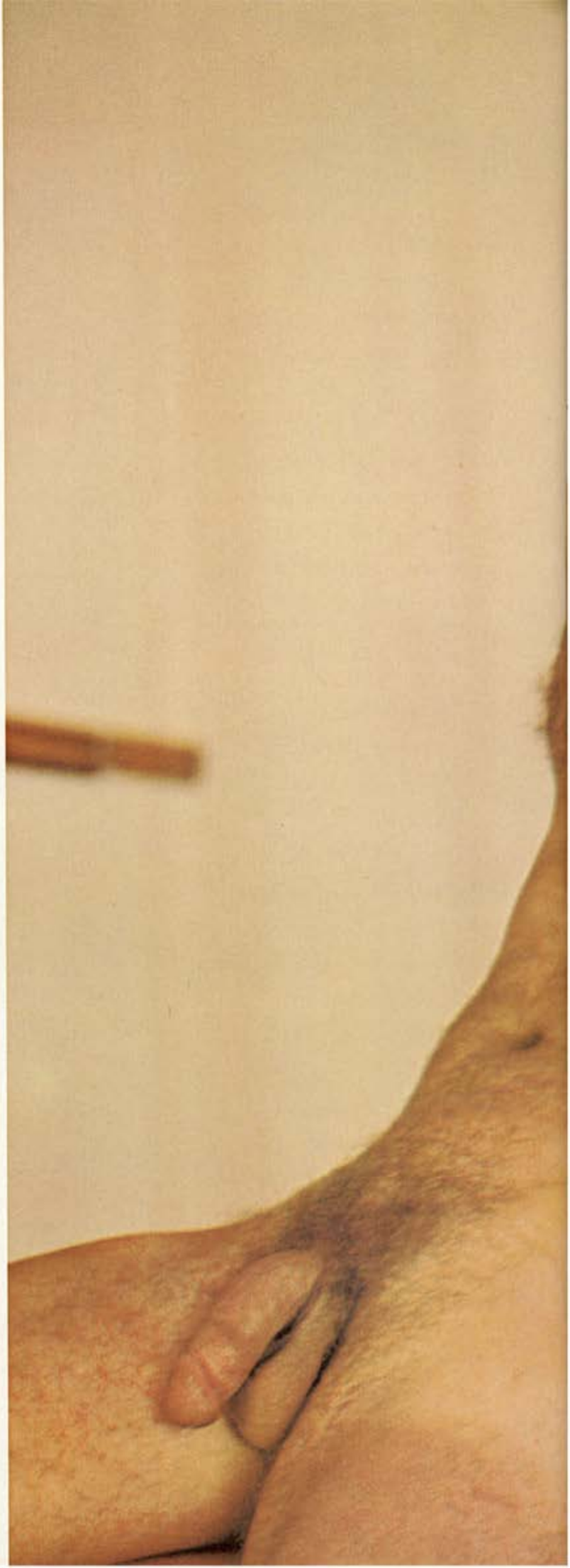
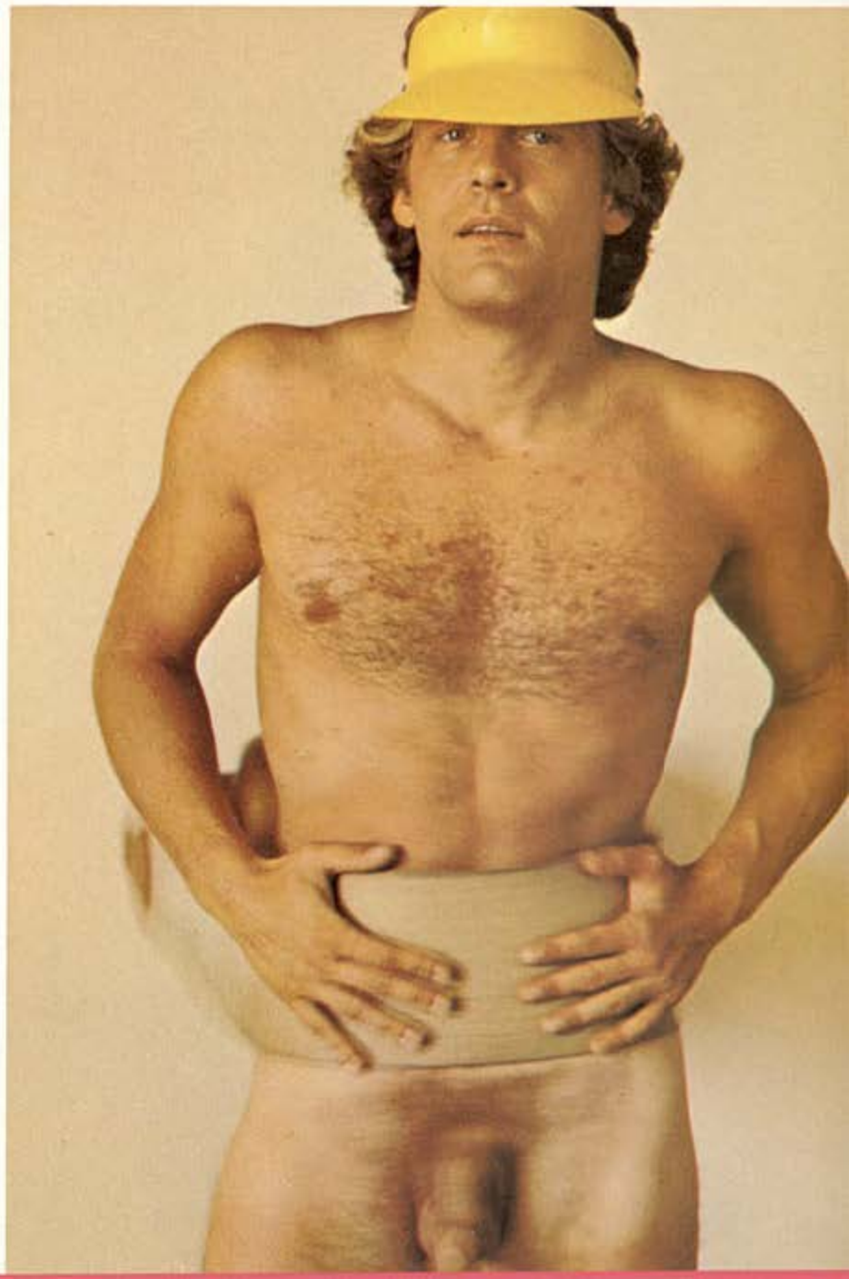
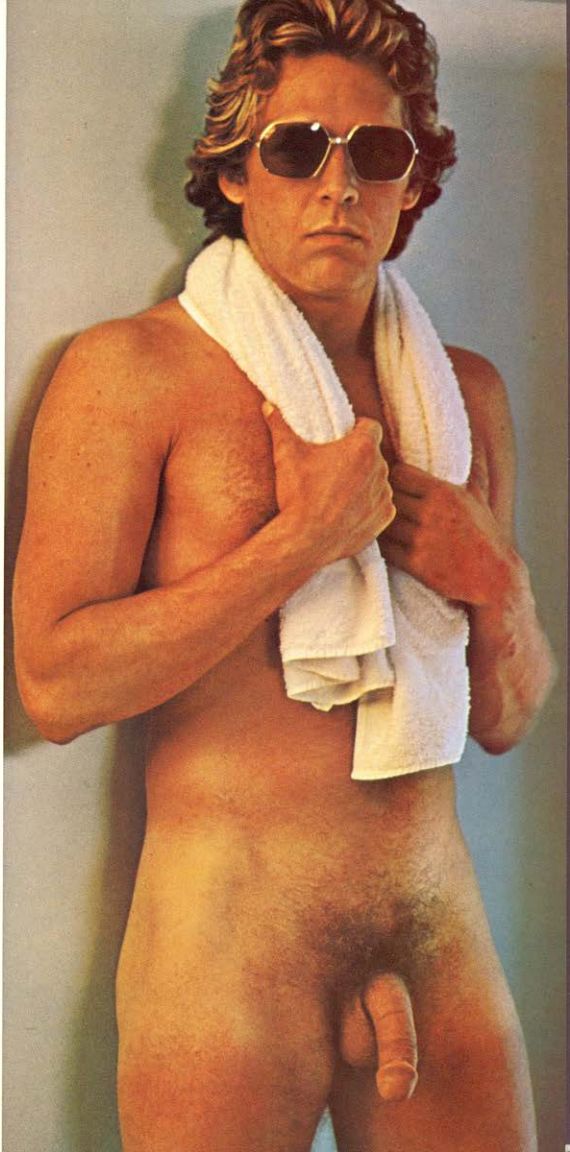
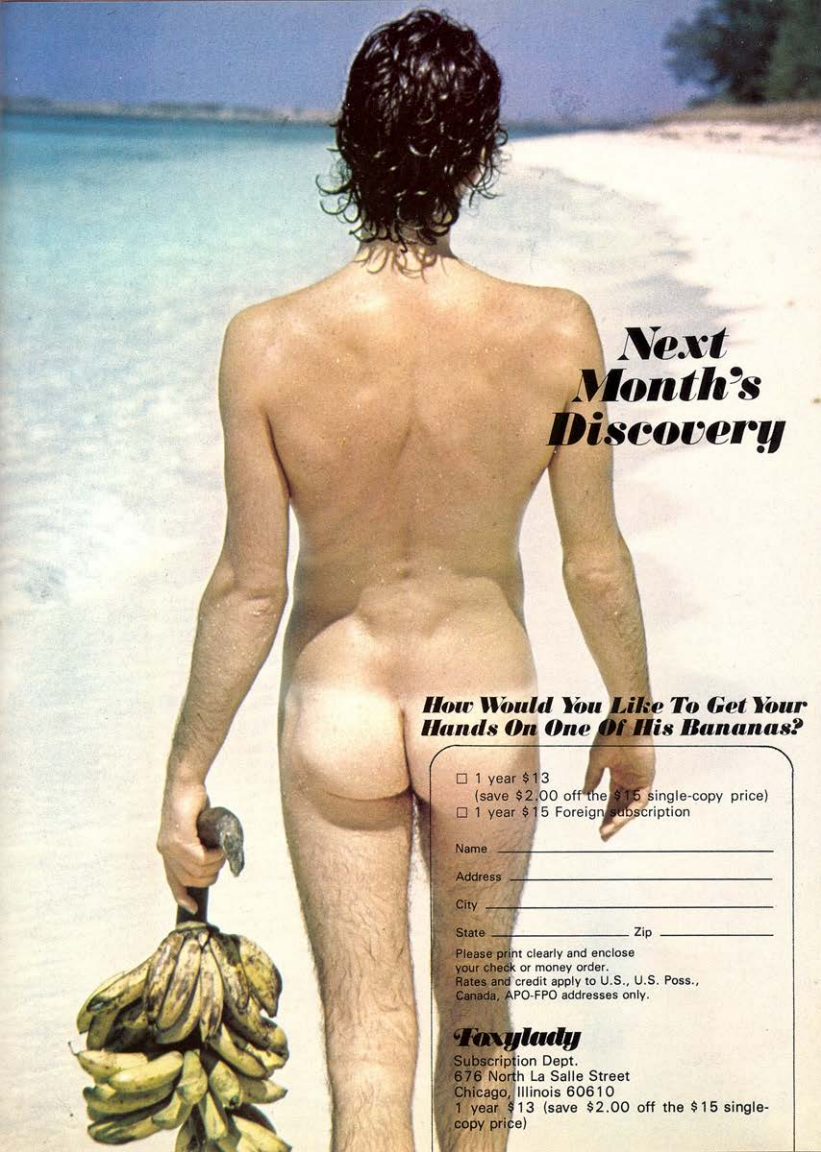






One notices Johnny's power of titillation immediately. A day for him is not complete without his visit to the gym to tone up those erotic inches. When he goes over to the bars to do some swinging, you can believe it. A few frontal mounts on the side horse, a tumble on the mats, and Johnny's ready for action. He extended an invitation to accompany him to the hallowed halls of jockdom with the remark, "You don't have to be one of the boys...but enter at your own risk." Traditionally the locker room has been the vortex of male egotism. It is a showcase for masculine frolic; everything from goosing to gossip. An atmosphere truly reminiscent of super bowls, world titles, and dirty sweatsocks. Johnny is concerned with the "jock" image and it's reputed preference of body-love before anything else. He doesn't feel he is giving his body any undeserved attention. Johnny says he's discovered the perfect diet. He claims that *raw fish* (that's what he's into) is giving him a surge of boundless energy that no woman has the stamina to keep up with. Well, I challenged him in behalf of the female gender. I have yet to see a male who can live up to this statement. (I'll keep you informed as to the outcome.)





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